- Feb. 22nd, 2012 at 3:46 AM

Supernatural; Lucifer/Raphael; four letter word.

PG, pre-Fall, female!Raphael-in-Heaven. :D?

Still wrestling with writing in general, but slowly trying to push myself back into the saddle. Fingers crossed I can do something more than one or two ficlets here and there soon.

"Stop." Lucifer's pressed up against her, licking at her throat - she'll kill him, she thinks, and recoils in horror at herself. "Lucifer."

He tips his head back, mouth open, leering. It's not the expression an angel wears; no; it's one a *human* wears, and she says so.

Lucifer stops.

"You're acting *human*," Raphael says, as he lets go of her. "Let me help you." Let me heal you and take your thoughts of rebellion away, she means. Let her remove the hate from her brothers.

Lucifer's lip curls, and he touches her cheek. "Sister," his words are cold, "Do you understand now? Humans are this and worse, and I - "

She slaps him. It's the first time she's hurt anyone.

Lucifer just smiles at her, cheek red.

It's the first time she's ever felt such hatred before: her declaration is simple, like a child's: "I hate you."

Lucifer touches her cheek as she clenches her fists, and he kisses her, tender and so false it hurts.

But she lets him get away with it, and she lets him go, and she lets Michael - and the rest of the family - discover how badly wrong Lucifer is on their own.